

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot?

Clow. Faith if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many pocke corfes, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will last you some eight yeare, or nine yeare. A Tanner will last you nine yeare,

Ham. Why he more then another?

Clow. Why sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that a will keepe out water a great while; & your water is a sore decayer of your whorl in dead body, heere's a scull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yeares,

Ham. Whose was it?

Clow. A whorlson mad fellowes it was, whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, a poured a flagon of enish on my head once; this same skull sir, was sir Yoricke's skull, the kings lefter.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ham. Alas poore Yoricke, I knew him Horatio, a fellow of infinite ft, of most excelent fancy, hee hath bore me on his backe a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge ses at it. Here hung those lypes that I haue kist I know not how ft: where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your songs, your flames of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roare, not one now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour she must come, make her laugh at that.

rethee Horatio tell me one thing.

Hora. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Dooft thou thinke Alexander lookt a this fashion i'th earth?

Hora. Een so.

Ham. And smelt so: pah.

Hora. Een so my Lord.

Ham. To what base vses we may returne Horatio? Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till a find it stopping in a dunghole?

Hora. Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modesty enough, and likelihood to leade it. Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth wee ke Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was conuerted, might they

Prince of Denmark

They not stoppe a Beare-bartell? Imperious Caesar dead, and turn'd to clay, Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the winde out: O that that earth which kept the world, Should patch a wall t' expell the water. But soft, but soft awhile, here comes The Queene, the courtiers, who is the And with such maimed rites? this do The corse they follow, did with desp For eddoo it owne life, twas of some el Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes a very nob

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Doct. Her obsequies haue been As we haue warrantie, her death wa And but that great command ore-sw She should in ground vn sanctified b Till the last trumpet: for charitable Flints and peebles should be throw Yet heere she is allow'd her virgin Her mayden strewments, and the b Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be doo

Doct. No more be doone.

We should prophane the seruice of To sing a Requiem and such rest to As to peace-parted soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth, And from her faire and vnpolluted May Violets spring: I tell thee chu A ministring Angell shall my sister When thou lyest howling.

Ham. What, the faire Ophelia.

Quee. Sweets to the sweet, farewell I hop't thou should'st haue beene n I thought thy bride-bed to haue d And not haue strew'd thy graue.

I aer. O trebble woe